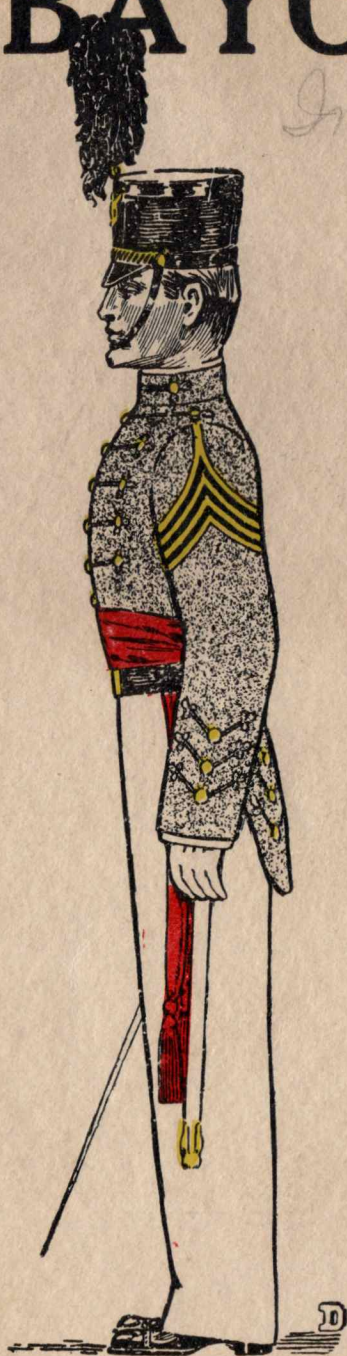


THE BAYONET

Inside



MARCH, 1914

Janet & I are now living in
our new home. Charley Boy has been very
Dick for the past week but is better
now. Janet is going to give Cyrus &
Emma a good party next week. We
wish that you were here to
come too. Herman Gibbs made 99.2
on my Algebra exam. He is a
fine boy. Will & Mary Crawford, do
I hear, have sold their home at Fort
& are going to move to Wells' home.
Mrs. Sombert at the Fort is giving
a dance Friday night.

The McCLURE CO.
Printers
Staunton Virginia



Maggie Beer is going with
Capt Robertson (her latest)
We often talk about you
& miss your annual
Mid. winter visit.
McChesney says that he would like
to see & have an old time
talk about "Mary Miller Selling
Pies on Sunday"
With love Charley Roller

THE BAYONET

Vol X

FORT DEFIANCE, VA., MARCH, 1914

No. 5

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE CADETS OF THE AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY

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Alumni Editors	J. H. STEPHENSON W. S. POWELL
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Editorials



ELLOWS, the school year is fast drawing to a close. In a short while we will leave our "Alma Mater" perhaps never to meet again. As you look back over the past months, ask yourself this question: "Has this school year been spent profitably?" Should you answer this in the nega-

tive, ask yourself "Whose fault it is?" There is but one way to answer the second question and you know that as well as I. You could not say it was a fault of the faculty, for they cannot teach a person who is unwilling to learn. You might not be gifted with a quick thinking mind, but you can learn, by getting to work on your studies and concentrating your mind on what is before you.

You may say that you are so far behind that you could not possibly catch up in your studies. Fellows, lay that thought aside and think of but one thing, which is, "In the effort lies the attainment."

The editorial in the recent issue of the Jefferson School paper at Charlottesville has come to our notice, and while we do not think it necessary to deny the charges in detail, yet we would say that it is a pity, this splendid little paper is used as a means to let one get rid of a grouch. Our reputation for fairness among the various schools of this and other states is well established and we feel confident that the exchanges into whose hands the *Maroon and Grey* falls, will be able to see the ear-marks without any trouble. We think we can bring proof from several schools that the Jefferson School teams inherit, as it were, an exceedingly contentious spirit, and two gentlemen have told us they dislike even to arrange any athletic contests owing to the constant and invariable disposition of Dr. Rogers to dictate. After much wrangling, etc., Dr. Pollard, athletic director at W. & L., was chosen to officiate at our recent game and of course, he could not give satisfaction as their article says, Dr. Pollard couldn't see what A. M. A. did. Mr. Rafferty, who officiated in all the big games

was rejected. We can only ascribe the article in the *Maroon and Grey* to the aforesaid disposition—"always got a grouch" and we voice the sentiments of most, if not all schools in the state when we say that Jefferson's athletic teams would be much better off if only their coach would accompany them on their trips, as it is very puerile, to say the least always to see their *Principal* with paper and pencil in hand making exceptions to all adverse (to him) decisions of the officials and further more we all would be relieved of the monotony of having the game called while Dr. Rogers discusses a point with the official. No wonder the Jefferson School has contracted the very bad habit of seeing only one side. We do not ever encourage roughness though some of the team may have been guilty but to the charge of unfairness and ungentlemanly treatment, we emphatically deny this. It is customary for the victorious team to give a cheer to the defeated one, yet Jefferson has the distinction of being the first team to leave our floor without doing it. We regret very much to know that the Jefferson School teams are generally known to be great kickers, yet it is hardly their fault, as personally the teams are composed of very manly, gentlemanly young fellows.

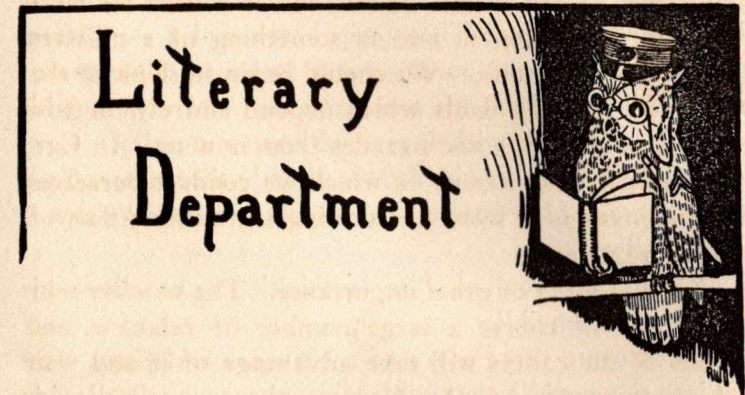


PRING is here at last and it is time we were beginning to put on something of a military appearance. We should begin to think of the showing finals which depend entirely on how we work at the drills and parades from now on. In fact, it depends on the manner in which we conduct ourselves at all formations or when performing any military duty of any nature whatever.

Another thing of great importance. The weather now is fair and of course a large number of relatives and friends of the cadets will take advantage of it and visit us between now and finals. So let us spruce up a bit. Get a more military appearance. Keep ourselves neater, both separately and collectively. It is true that we enjoy the reputation of being the most military Prep. School in Virginia, but one displeased spectator can make a big hole in any good reputation.

In the afternoons when we are passing to and fro on the valley pike where numerous people pass us let us keep a military appearance. Let us not slouch along with our coats unbuttoned and hats on sideways for many of the people who pass us are total strangers, tourists from far away, who base their opinion of the school on the impression our appearance forms.

Do not let it be said of the corps of 1914 that we lowered the standards set by the A. M. A. cadets of former years.



Recalling The Professor's Words

By CLEMENT YORE



HAVE noticed you, sir. You do not seem to care any more for your brain than you do for your body. Some day when you'll need a good brain and body that will link with the situation you'll think of my words. You may go sir, but do a little better; you are not up to the record your father made at this school."

Cary went back to his room and there he looked out across the loveliest valley in all the wide world and made up his mind to be the equal of his father.

Every morning one could see Cary out early. He was taking the air into his lungs, charging his reserve batteries against the time of strain.

He worked in the Gym. He walked far on Saturdays and Sundays, cut out his pipe, and—envied his father. It is very difficult to surpass one's father. Members of the

faculty began to notice Cary's eyes always upon them as they talked in class. These eyes betokened a rapt attention, a listening ear, an eagerness to learn, a hunger of mind. The boys felt his arms and legs and saw that his stomach was hard with layers of knotty muscles. Cary was trying. This was in 1894. Shortly thereafter, Cary went home. His father said to his mother: "Cary is changed."

"Yes," she replied, "he is thinking. I believe his mind has bloomed."

Then came three more of such years and Cary went out into the world—that wilderness where woe dwells side by side with the spirit of joy.

* * * * *

"Hey, you, keep your head down. These niggers are getting the range. Don't let me speak to you again."

"Aye, Aye, sir."

"Some Lieutenant, did you hear him?"

"Hear him, say, Lieutenant Cary is a regular soldier. Look at the rim of his hat."

The four or five khaki clad men burrowed down beneath three high bags of sand, turned and gazed at the figure of a man pacing up and down beside them. The hand of his campaign hat was ripped—the path of a Mauser bullet.

"You fellows are shooting too high. Get 'em on the bounch. Don't shoot in the air. Keep 'em down. What are you doing with that sight at 800 yards, Peter."

The Lieutenant squatted beside a man and looked at his Krag. "Must have hit it against a cartridge box, Lieutenant. I thought I wasn't getting any dust."

"Dust, why man you couldn't hit dust that way. Keep 'em down, boys, keep 'em down."

The long, weary afternoon dragged away with its Luzon sun, a-baking, and its striking rice fields steaming, and over head hung the buzzards. The next day little brown bodies would be delightful food.

That night the boys got relief, though the typhoon emptied a barrel of water on each and the ditch behind the three bags of sand ran full of rain. Ponchos were of no avail. Only coffee served to pacify—cold, black coffee a quart at a time.

Three men were singing:

"One held a lock of old, gray hair,
One held a lock of brown."

Then a muttered curse stumbled along the air and it painted the ear—empty cartridges boxes were everywhere, mostly thrown over the bags of sand. This would make a false light line for the "Niggers" to get confused over. They were poor shots, those Moros.

This little band of men were a part of a volunteer force of scouts under the command of Lieutenant Cary. They had been on a reconnoitre and when their commander found himself at a point of vantage, when he saw that by holding the ford of the river he could delay the movement of the enemy, he did not hesitate to assume the highest ground and hold it.

From an old salt mine he secured several hundred sacks and built his breastworks. He had with him fifty-three men and 200 shells per man. He was anxious—and no wonder he wanted the men to shoot low. A Moro has no sense of propriety any more than he has a sense of admiration.

Shortly after two o'clock a man was seen running toward the sand bags from an angle at forty-five degrees from the enemy. The sentry halted him. "Jenkins of the 2nd Oregon," cried the runner.

"Come on over, for God's sake man, I was itching with my forefinger when I saw you first," answered the sentry. The moon burst out with that indispensible splendor one views only south of 20 and west of 140.

"Where is the chief?"

"That's his bunk over there. The one with his feet in the water."

The soldier who came on the run, strode up to the sleeping lieutenant and roughly shook his shoulder.

"What's wrong?" the sleeping man said as he awakened with a bound.

"A message from headquarters Second Brigade."

"Gimme a light, Moore."

When the light was procured Cary read: "Hold out until noon if you can. We will cut our way through as soon as the Utah battery comes up."

Then there dawned upon Cary the realization that the "Niggers" were around him. He had not known so before. The man before him was hit in the shoulder. He looked with that peculiar look sick men have. It makes one appear as though one had stolen something. It is a sheepish sort of look, though of course there is pain in it too.

"Hey, Moore, take this man back to Sergeant Cummings for some bandages. Does it hurt?" this last to the new arrival.

"Not much." The reply sounded rather feigned, "but my shirt is full of blood and the waist band is d—— uncomfortable."

"How long since you received it?"

"Just as I was skirting the river below the bend. You remember when the typhoon hit us?"

"Yes."

"Well, a little before that. It didn't stop me, though. I'm pretty tough."

Just then a quiver ran through the body of the man. It is unmistakable. I knew that sign. The fellow was gone. He had lost his reserve. There was nothing left but the manhood in him and when a fellow's blood runs out through a jagged hole there is little remaining for manhood to work on. You want nerve force then. Nerves that can call up the corpuscles that coagulate wounds and hurry to stop the flow. Little soldiers of the blood, little Red Cross members that know how and can get relief. Bottom is what you want. This fellow was quivering with the death quiver. He had no bottom. In an hour he was dead.

All that day they fought. Several of the fellows were hit. Cary twice, once in the thigh, only a flesh wound. Moore stuck some cotton in a solution and rammed it into the wound and washed it. Then the second wound was through the shoulder. This is always bad. It takes a good man to hold his head when he gets it through a shoulder.

Towards four o'clock the niggers grew impetuous. Rather restless. You can note restlessness in an enemy. It is easily discernable. They bob up their heads, all along the line. Cartridges had been saved. Each man had used about twenty-five. No prodigality of ammunition, the distance was too great, the risk of missing too severe.

The nerve of Cary held up the men, though many of them bit their lips as they looked at him and one or two cursed. Several fellows wrote words on the bottoms of boxes and secreted these in their shirts where the sweat soon obliterated the pencil marks.

Men sometimes sweeten when about to die, and write their true hearts to those they leave behind, or they try to do so.

Just at five o'clock the Phillipinos began an advance. Their brown bodies, some half clad, others nude, came closer to view. Cary was propped up between two bags of sand. He was drawing upon his reserve force. He had bottom.

"Not 'till they strike the 400-yard mark. Not a gun crack 'till then," he commanded with a throaty voice. Slowly they came. Then they rushed. The four hundred mark was reached and glinted eyes squinted across sights. The fang of intermittent rifle fire sounded. Then dropped along the 400-yard line.

More dropper at 350 and still the line advanced. Then Cary shouted,

"Fire by volley! Load! Every magazine full!"

Murmurs sounded, no words were spoken. Cary knew the magazines were filled when he heard the murmurs.

"Ready."

The rifles looked strikingly awesome between the bags of sand filed three high.

"Fire."

The volley had an effect. The brown bodies dropped to the ground again. This time all of them. The enemy was beginning to know, to suspect there were men be-

fore them. They awaited a few moments. Officers ran hither and yon whom Cary could have killed, but he would not allow his men to fire. Once more the line advanced.

"Ready."

A repetition of the steady gaze along the glancing barrel.

"Fire."

Every shell counted. The Krag bullet hits hard. The brown bodies, fifty odd of them, crumpled but each Krag had passed through it and spent itself in the rice patties. No savage can stand such rifle fire and but few civilized outfits. They broke and ran and as they did so, a bugle sounded off to the right. The second brigade hove into sight, tired and wet, but cheering. How men do love the sight of their fellows whom they have come to relieve from distress.

Answering cheers broke from Cary's men. The little outfit dressed in Khaki, with muddy pouches lying in lumps around them, was glad. The set lips smiled and a softer light appeared in their eyes. The feet of death departed and they noticed not the sun's great heat.

* * * * *

That night the major surgeon said to the hospital steward, "How's Lieutenant Cary?"

"Still raving, sir. You know he talks like he had something on his mind."

"Most men of his kind have. What does he say?"

The hospital steward rolled a cigarette as he said,

"I can't make it out, but it sounds like this, 'you're right, Professor, you're right.' Then something like this, 'You'll need a good brain and body that will link with

the situation.' Then once I heard him say, 'Dear old valley, the best old valley in all the wide, weary world, I am tired, old valley, I'm tired!' "

"His temperature is down, Doctor."

"He'll pull through and in a week we'll have him at Corregidor Hospital," the surgeon said.

Outside the tent the big beetles sounded squeakily, the chatter of soldiers was distinguished and from afar came the sound of a water buffalo. Presently a mouth organ sounded and men's voices were heard singing,

"Please, oh! please, and do not let me fall,
For I love you, and I love yo best of all,
For you will be my man
Or I'll have no man at all,
There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight,"

Is it any wonder that in this crucible of ours, these United States, we breed a race of supermen?

Was It The Best Way?



JOHN LIVINGSTON, a young lieutenant of his majesty's service, through his friend, Jimmy Wilson, was invited to a dance given by the Misses Wellington.

The night of the party arrived, and it was apparently a great success, but a mistake made in the introductions proved in a way fatal afterwards.

Betty Wellington, a charming, light-hearted, impulsive miss, with big blue eyes, and golden hair, carelessly bowed to what should have been her sister Jane's introduction. Jane, unlike her sister, was ugly, jealous and quick-tempered, but she had the appearance of one who had never had a chance to develop her true character and of one who had been badly treated and teased all her life. All this was in a way true, for she had been constantly reminded since infancy that her sister was superior to her in every way, by people little thinking how they were ruining her life, and causing her many heart aches.

John's first dance was with Betty. It was then an unusual thing happened, which was really not so strange after all, that is a case of love at first sight. It seemed as though they had known each other all their lives, the evening was as a dream to them. He told her that his regiment left the next day, but when he was about to tell her of his love, a partner came to claim his dance with her, that was towards the close of the dance, his partner was Jane, and on her sister's account he was unusually nice to her. He was naturally attractive, and they were soon engrossed in conversation, her guests seeing them ap-

parently so congenial and contented thought it a good chance to cut a disagreeable partner, and still his attentions never wavered, he was thinking of her sister and he said a lot of little things unthinkingly that it would have been better not to have said. John was the first man who had ever shown her any attention, in fact, the only man who had ever taken the trouble to be polite to her. The dance soon broke up, leaving Jane even more in love with him than her sister. After taking a hasty farewell of the hostesses he left. And the next day he went with his regiment for a post in South Africa.

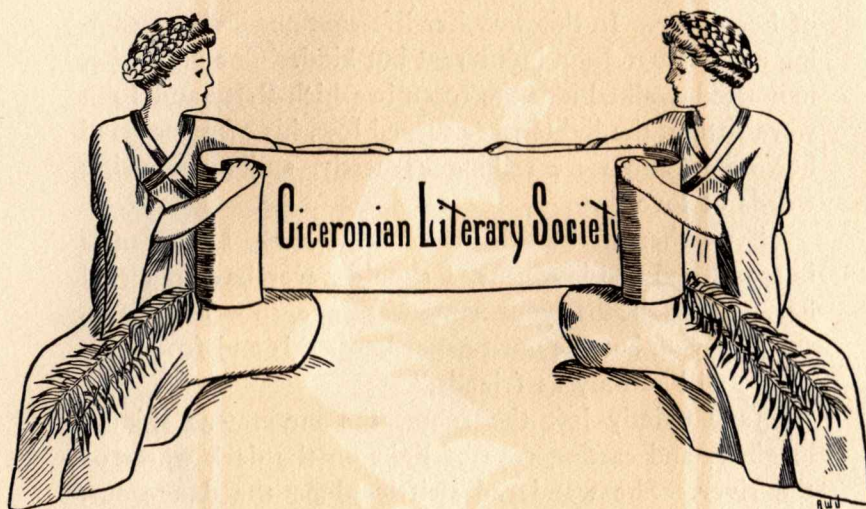
The days passed slowly for John, he couldn't banish the vision of Betty, try as he might. He decided to write her, but as he had the names of the two sisters twisted he wrote Jane instead of the girl he loved. She immediately replied and finally he asked her to be his wife, and to come to South Africa to live. She consented and in due time arrived accompanied by her parents and Betty, who came very unwillingly. John soon found out his mistake, when Jane threw herself in his arms, yet he saw the depth of her love for him, and not knowing whether Betty cared for him or not, and rather than have a scandal, married her, but he treated her with indifference and his attentions to Betty grew marked. Jane would wander by herself along a dangerous path winding over a swift river, she would continue her walk until she reached a dangerous, slippery place where the river rolled over a precipice, here spray from the Falls rose many feet in the air and she would stand for hours listening to the roar of the river and dreaming of a home with little children around her, and with John always looking as happy as he had on the night

of her dance. In this way her life continued, she dreaming and loving, John indifferent but kind. One night she, unnoticed, walked into the room in which Betty and John were sitting, the lights were turned low, his arm encircled her waist, and were talking earnestly, and mumbling words of love.

"Sweetheart," he said, "this must cease, I am Jane's husband and she loves me, I should never have married her. I thought that your name was Jane, so wrote her instead of you, but she must never know this and from now on we will be only as friends."

Jane quietly left the room, the moon was shining brightly, and casting rays of light on the dark water of the river. She wandered swiftly along the dangerous, winding path above the river, her body shaking with sobs, she reached the head of the falls, and with a hasty prayer, plunged into the rushing torrents.

R. M. S.



PresidentBURDETT, F.
 Vice-PresidentNELMS
 Sec. and Treas. SHOTT
 Sergeant-at-ArmsBARGER

THE literary society meets regularly once a week. The readings at each meeting have been excellent. The subjects that have been chosen for debate have been very good and in each one many points have been brought out on each side.

Fellows, debating is a great help to you. It is something you need at all times. You may be called upon at any time in life to make some comment on a subject and the practice you receive now will be a great help to you then.

We are given two periods of school each week and if Major and Colonel are willing to allow us this time, I see no reason why we should not try to make the meeting as interesting as possible, and better ourselves along these lines.



quhl

A. M. A. vs. Jefferson High School

In a very close contest on the afternoon of Monday, March 2d, with Jefferson High School we were defeated by a score of 29 to 27.

The game was the closest and most exciting of the season, the teams were evenly matched, and the score was first in favor of one team and then the other.

Our team work was fine and greatly surpassed that of our opponents, but our shortcoming was in shooting baskets, as only two of our men came up to their standard in this.

Our whole team played a fine game, yet Fox, Burdett, F., and Nelms were the stars, while Siran and Michie were the stars for Jefferson.

The points were scored by Fox 13, Rawlings 4, Burdett 8, Mathias 2, Siran 23, Michie 4, Wood 2. Baskets by fouls by Fox 7, by Siran 11.

The line up was as follows:

<i>A. M. A.</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Jefferson H. S.</i>
Shott, Mathias	R. F.	Wood
Rawlings	L. F.	Siran
Fox	C.	Gannaway
Nelms	R. G.	Jones
Burdett	L. G.	Michie, H.

The officers were:

Referee, Dr. Pollard, of W. & L.; Time-keeper, Capt. Robinson, of A. M. A. and Mr. Gooch, of U. of Va. Score-keepers, Mr. Gooch, of U. of Va., and Cadet Gunby.

On March the sixth Major Roller, Coach of A. M. A.'s last fall's football team, called a meeting of all the

varsity and varsity subs for the purpose of electing a captain and three assistant captains for next year.

Ray was elected captain; Loth, first assistant; Ireland, second assistant; Morrasy, third assistant.

We expect to turn out an excellent team next year, because we will have six or seven old men back, and are trusting in the luck of the gods to bring us some good material.

Baseball is now the rage. Everybody is thinking, talking and playing it.

A. M. A.'s prospects for this year are weightier than they have been for several years.

Of last year's letter men we have Burdett, F., Shumake, Loth, Sheppe and Morrasy. Varsity sub, Rawlings.

The new cadets are coming to the front, and we expect to find some excellent material among them.

We are sorry to state that Sheppe, one of our best players, is now confined in the infirmary on account of sickness, but we are expecting him to be at his old place on first in a few days.

The captain for this year's baseball team has not been elected on account of a tie vote between Sheppe and Burdett.

Ireland, Stephenson, Jones, D., Henson and Morrasy are doing some excellent work in the outer gardens.

It will be a close race for catcher between Rawlings and Garth.

Shumake, last year's second baseman, is playing his old position this year.

Mathias is playing an excellent game at third.

Loth is playing a fine game at short.

Our pitchers are Burdett, F., Burdett, A., Livick, and Linn.

With the team doing its best, and the corps backing them up, you will see some wonderful results.

Now just a few words about the "Barracks- League."

Last year the "Barracks-League" was one of the greatest sensations of the school.

The league is composed of four teams, namely, The Barn, Colonel's Barracks, Major's Barracks, Captain Jacobs or the New Barracks.

"The captains" of the teams are: Barn, Lora; Colonel's Barracks, Ambler; Major's Barracks, Gunby; New Barracks, Haley.

Captain Warren Robinson was elected President of the "Barracks-League"; Captain J. F. Boyd, Secretary, and our little friend, "Fats Kirts," is official score-keeper.

There will be hot games among these "Barracks-League" teams and we predict the season will end in a close race between the New Barracks and Colonel's Barracks.

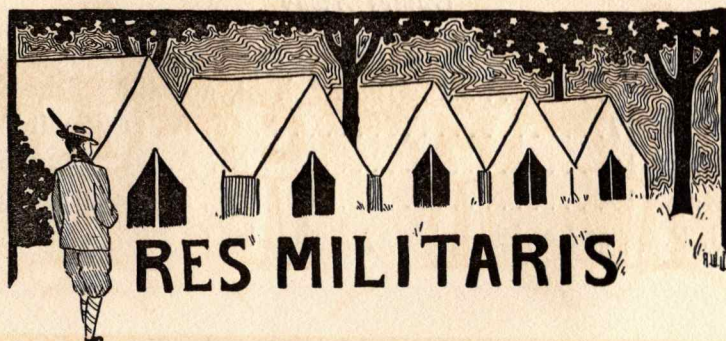
Baseball Schedule

Games at Home

April 3.....	Bingham School of North Carolina
April 8.....	Staunton High School
April 9.....	Old Dominion Academy of Reliance, Va.
April 13.....	Gettysburg College
April 18.....	Fishburne Military School
April 25.....	S. C. I.
May 2.....	Bingham School of Ashville, N. C.
May 4.....	Greenbrier
May 7.....	Roanoke High School
May 8.....	Masanutten Academy
May 11.....	S. M. A.

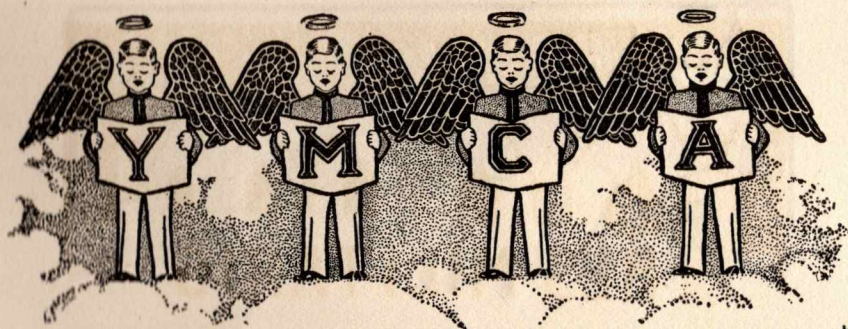
Games Away

March 25.....	V. M. I., at Lexington
April 4.....	Miller School, at Miller School
April 27.....	S. M. A., at Staunton
May 16.....	S. M. A., at Staunton
May 19.....	F. M. S., at Waynesboro
G. P. S., at Lewisburg, May 20th, 21st or 22d,	<i>pending.</i>



DRILL is being held in the Gymnasium daily with an occasional dress parade. Butt's Manual with music will be started in a few days. As soon as the weather permits battalion drill will be commenced. Cadet Clark has been reinstated as a Sergeant. A great improvement in the appearance of the battalion is the doing away with the visor bands on our fatigue caps.

The Band is working hard and showing a large advancement. They are learning all the new songs and also the music for Butt's Manual.



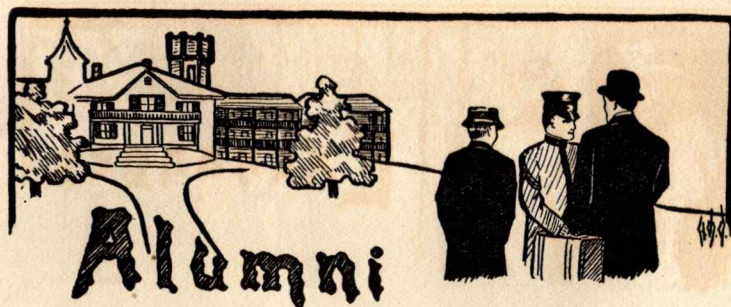
OFFICERS OF THE Y. M. C. A.

President	CLEMMER
Vice-President	NELMS
Secretary and Treasurer	Crawford

The campaign, which is to be conducted by the Y. M. C. A. and Mr. Carl Bare, the State Student Secretary, is to be held Wednesday, April the 1st, until Sunday April the 5th.

Mr. Bare has secured some of the best speakers in Virginia to speak at these meetings, among them are several from the University of Virginia and Washington and Lee University. These men know boys and they know just how to talk to them. These meetings are to be held every morning before school and after tattoo every night. The meetings are to be about a half or three-quarters of an hour long.

We are very much indebted to Mr. Bare for securing these speakers for the campaign. And, fellows, I am sure if we all attend these meetings regularly it will do us a great deal of good, and without the boys behind it cannot be a success, therefore let's get behind it and make it a success.



Homer Burdett, '09, is working at his home in Charleston, West Virginia.

Allen Schwalb, of last year's basketball team made the team at V. M. I.

C. F. Crist, '13, is now at work with his father at Bridgewater, Va.

"Chase" Carson, '12, is attending Army and Navy Prep.

Henry Crute, '13, is attending Hampden-Sidney.

Ralph Jones, '13, is also attending Hampden-Sidney.

Lloyd Liebler, '13, is at his home in Portsmouth, Virginia.

"Temp" Norris, '13, is attending Roanoke College.

John Crute, '13, is attending Hampden-Sidney.

Capt. J. R. Mecredy, a member of the faculty of '13, is employed as a chemist at Perth Amboy, N. J.



OUR exchange department has taken a decline since the last issue of THE BAYONET. We hope that our old friends have not forsaken us and we feel sure they have not.

The Chatamite is an excellent school paper, but a few cuts would make your magazine more attractive.

The Record (W. H. S.), one of our new exchanges is a very neat and well written up paper.

We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges: *The Record*, Staunton High School; *The Student*, Petersburg High School; *The Record*, Wheeling High School; *The Cadet*, Virginia Military Institute; *The Doe-Wah-Jack*, Dowagiac, Mich.; *The Spokesman*, Mansfield, La.; *The Chatamite*, Chatham Episcopal Institute, the *Mary Baldwin Miscellany*, Mary Baldwin Seminary.



Ireland, to young lady speaking of player at ball game: That fellow will soon be our best man.

She: O Charles, this is so sudden.

Dr., examining Vides, Chilly?

Vides: Non san Salvador.

Major: Loth, was that noise about 10 p. m. in your room?

Loth: Yes, sir, I was putting out the lights.

Major: Putting out the lights!!!?

Loth: Yes, sir, the window lights.

Daughter, just home from school: Father, I weigh just 106 dressed for Gym.

Father: Who's Jim. (Gym.)

Smoot and Ireland ran a race
To Mt. Sidney going;
Smoot fell down and hurt his face,
Ireland came in a-blowing.

Trosch: Seaver, give me some Aqua.

Seaver: What is Aqua?

Trosch: You nut, that is the french name for water.

"There's one advantage of a wooden leg," said a veteran.

"What is that?"

"You can hold your socks up with thumb tacks."—*Ex.*

Preston: Don't a la mode mean apple pie and ice-cream?

Capt. Jacobs: Preston, don't you think it is rather extravagant of you that delicious jam?

Preston: No, Captain, it is economical, the same piece of bread does for both.

Charlie Roller: Dad, a horse is worth more isn't it after it is broke?

Major: Yes, Charlie, why do you ask such a question?

Charlie: Because I broke the new rocking horse you gave me this morning.

Kirtz: Yes, it was a very high affair.

Greig: What was?

Kirtz: A thunder storm.

Some Song Hits

"Foolish Questions"—Capt. Boyd to his French Class.

"It's Mighty Strange"—Why Capt. Y. camped in the orchard on the night of Feb. 7th.

"When I Get You Alone To-night"—Solo by Major to the delinquents.

"That's How I Need You"—Serenade of the corps to a cigarette.

"I'm a Member of the Mid-Night Crew"—Moonlight melody by the track team."

"Somebody Else, It's Always Somebody Else"—A lullaby that nearly puts Major to sleep when reports are answered.

"Blow the Smoke Away"—Noise made by occupants of room whenever Major enters during C. Q.

"A Little Bit More"—Solo by the C. G. to each weary but inquisitive sentinel.

"I've Got the Rheumatiz"—Solo by Pete.

"That Mysterious Rag"—Peple's wash rag.

"Just a Dream of You, Dear"—Chorus by the entire corps on seeing an empty beer bottle.

—C. C. L.

Guess What These Names Represent

- 1 A kind of boat and a letter of the alphabet.
- 2 An insect and 2,000 lbs.
- 3 Some trait of character we enjoy in others.
- 4 An occupation.
- 5 A product of the chimney.
- 6 A necessary article for the bed.
- 7 Not dull.
- 8 A letter of alphabet and a shoe maker's tool.
- 9 A streak of light.
- 10 A kind of fine horses.
- 11 A part of the face and a toilet article.
- 12 A fowl and a father's boy.
- 13 An animal and a part of the body.
- 14 Anger and 1-4 of the earth.
- 15 A great general.
- 16 A Virginia river.
- 17 Another great general.
- 18 A great cavalry leader.
- 19 To score.
- 20 Not fine.
- 21 A very good person.
- 22 A part of a house.
- 23 A famous automobile tire.
- 24 A sly animal.

- 25 One who walks slowly.
 26 A part of a chicken and where a river is crossed.
 27 A famous soup.
 28 A famous thread maker.
 29 A butcher's impliment.
 30 A famous chocolate.
 31 Not bad and not to lose.
 32 The refuse from Gold and a beverage.

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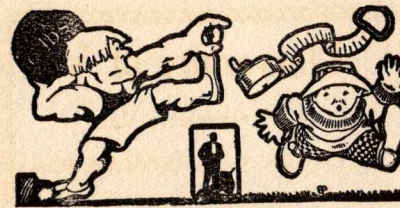
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